A LETTER FROM THE King of Poland TO HIS QUEEN,

In which is Incerted

Many Particulars Relateing to the Victories obtained against the Turks, With a Prayer of the Turks *against the* Christians.

Translated from the *Cologne* Gazette, Octob. 19. 1683. *Numb.* 84.

THE Immortal God, (to whom Honour and Glory be Ascribed for Ever) has Blest us with so Signal a Victory, as scarce the Memory of Man can Equal: The Enemy was not only content to Raise the Siege of *Vienna*, and Leave us Masters of the Field; But also of all their Cannon, and Tents, with Inestimable Treasure, and clim'd over Mountains of Carcasses made by their own Body's in the Flight. My Eyes were never Blest before with so delightful a Prospect as to see my Soldiers follow here a great Drove of their Sheep and Oxen, and there a much greater Herd of *Turkish* Captives; Nor my Ear's e're Charm'd with so pleasing Musick, as the Howlings and Dying Groans of these Miserable Wretches: So great was their Hast, that the Prime Visier almost alone and forsaken of all, was forc't without the Ceremony of his Turbant, to take his Flight; But yet he left me Heir to his Tent and Riches, which were shewn me by a Renegado of his own Retinue.

I have Presented the *Turkish* Standard to His Holyness, who was Instrumental no less by His Money, than His Prayers, to their Overthrow. The Prime Visirs Horse with all his Trappings, I reserv'd for my self; And tho' he was so Fortunate in his Flight to Escape us, yet his Caymecam, or Lieutenant-General, with some of the most Considerable Basa's, fell by our Swords; But the approaching Night put a Stop to our Pursuit, and their Slaughter. Those Janizaries which were left behind in the Mines and Trenches, we thought not worth the dulling of our Swords, therefore we made but one Funeral Pile for 'em all, and Burnt 'em.

In that Action there were about Thirty Thousand *Turks* kill'd, besides *Tartars*, and One Hundred Thousand Tents taken. Our Souldiers, and the Burghers of *Vienna*, were Two whole Nights, and One Day, in Rifling their Tents and Body's, and I believe a Week would scarce suffice to finish it.

The Rarities which were found in the Prime Vizir's Tent, were no less Numerous than Strange and Surprising, as very curious Parrots, and some Birds of Paradice, with all his Banio's, and Fountains, and some Ostriches, which he Chose rather to Kill, than let 'em fall Alive into our Hands; Nay his Dispair and Jealousey transported him so far, as to Destroy his very Women for the same Reason.

The whole Army Attributes the Glory of this Victory to God, and Us, and all the Princes of the Empire, with the Great Officers, as the Dukes of *Bavaria* and *Lorrain*, Prince *Waldeck*, &c. were so far transported with my Valour and

Success,

Succeſs, that their Thanks and Praiſes were more Numerous, than was their Fears before; and Count *Staremberg* the Governour, Saluted me with the Title of his Mighty Deliverer. The Common People in my going to and from the Churches, pay'd their Veneration even to my very Garments, and made their Cry's and Acclamations reach the Sky; of *Long Live the King of* Poland.

In the Battel we Loſt ſome of our Friends, as Prince *Hallick*, and the Treaſurer of our Houſehold. The Reverend *Marinus Davino*, heapt on me his Pray'rs and Bleſſings, and told me he ſaw a White Dove flutt'ring o're the Army, which he look'd upon as an happy Augure of our Victory.

We are now on our March towards *Hungary*; taking the Advantage of their Diſtraction, to Defeat the Remainder of their ſcatter'd Troops, and Surprize *Gran* or *Newheuſell*. I have all the Princes of the Empire my Companions in this Enterpriſe, who tell me they are ready to follow ſuch a Leader not only into *Hungary*, but to the End of the World.

The Prime Viſir being unable to put a Stop to our Purſuit, told his Eldeſt Son *Mahomet Han*, That he muſt now bid Adieu to all his Greatneſs, and never expect to be in Safety, whilſt their Lye's one Stone upon another in the Walls of *Vienna*, but without loſs him haſten to the Grand Seignor and Demand a Speedy Succour, to whom his Son Reply'd, That he knew him too well for that, and there was nothing for 'em now to Rely on but their Flight.

I am juſt now going to take Horſe, and all my way for Two *Hungarian* Miles together, are ſo ſtrew'd with the Carcaſſes of Men, Horſes, and Camels, that the Stench of 'em would be inſupportable to any but a Soldier.

I have ſent ſeveral Diſpatches to Forein Princes to give Notice of this Action, but the King of *France* was forgotten.

I Rejoyce to ſee our Son *Alexander* of ſo Clear and Undanted a Courage who always ſtuck to me in my moſt imminent Dangers: and made the firſt onſet on a Body of *Turkiſh Spahis*, with that Courage that he put 'em ſoon to flight, and Receiv'd the Applauſes of the whole Army. He has Contracted a very Intimate Friendſhip with the young Duke of *Saxonia* with whom he equally devided the ſpoyl. This Prince has been very Affectionate in his Services to me, therefore I have preſented him three of my Horſes, the Baſſa of *Egypts* Tent and Standard, and ten Pieces of Cannon. To his Siſter the *Dauphineſs*, a Locket of Diamonds. Yet there Remains ſuch heaps of their Colours and Symeters in our poſſeſſion as are not to be numbred.

All my Country men March'd with the ſame Bravery to the Relief of *Vienna*, as the Souldiers of *Godfrey* of *Bullein* did to the *Holy Land*; and the miraculous Croſs that you preſented me with (which was his Companion in that Expedition) I Believe Contributed no leſs to our Victory.

Thanks be to Heaven, now the Half-Moon Triumphs no longer o're the Croſs, And 'twas thrown down from St. *Stephen*'s Steeple in *Vienna* (whom it had o'ercopt ſo long) immediately on the Defeat: Neither have the *Turks* any occaſion to upbraid us with their Blaſphemous Mahometan Proverb. *Ye Chriſtians where is Your God?*

The *Turks* Prayer againſt the *Chriſtians*.

ETernal God and Creator of all things, and thou O Mahomet *his Sacred and Divine Prophet. We Beſeech Thee let us not dread the* Chriſtians, *who are ſo mean and filly to Rely on a Crucifyed God. By the Power of thy Right Hand, ſo ſtrengthen ours that we may ſurround this Fooliſh People, on every ſide, and utterly deſtroy 'em. At length fulfill our Prayers and put theſe Miſcreants into our hands, that we may Eſtabliſh thy Throne for ever in* Mecha, *and Sacrifice all thoſe Enemies of our moſt Holy Religion at thy Tomb. Blow us with thy mighty Breath like Swarms of Flies into their Quarters, and let the Eyes of theſe Infidels be Dazl'd with the Luſtre of our Moon. Conſume them with thy fiery Darts, and Blind them with the Duſt which they themſelves have Raiſed. Deſtroy them all in thine Anger. Break all their Bones in pieces, and Conſume the Fleſh and Blood of thoſe who deſpiſe thy Sacrifice, and hang the Sacred Light of Circumciſion in their Croſs. Waſh them with Showers of many Waters, who are ſo ſtupid to Worſhip Gods they know not: and make their Chriſt a Son to that God who ne're Begot him. Haſten therefore their Deſtruction we humbly Intreat thee, and blott out their Name and Religion, which they Glory ſo much in, from off the Face of the Earth, that they may be no more, who Contemn and Mock at thy Law.* Amen.

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